1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

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Plate II

Danigala Veddas on look-out rock

[facing p.16a]

1;Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

115 There were both "wild" and "village" Veddas even in the days of his youth, and the only difficulty experienced with the old man was in keeping the two classes perfectly distinct in his mind. The following facts were elicited in the course of three interviews, each lasting somewhat less than an hour. He stated that he was just able to walk when he came to the Eastern Province, and that as he grew up he spent much of his time with the Veddas hunting and collecting honey. The [156] Veddas of those days were a merry people, and with a most eloquent gesture the old man showed how they would throw dry leaves into the air and shout and dance for happiness; he said also that they were absolutely truthful. Every Vedda carried a bow and arrows and an axe; more arrows than one were 411 carried, but it was not clear that they only carried two; it seemed that *tudadi*, a word that the old man said was used to describe the number of arrows carried, may have meant a small quantity or may have been a hunting term corresponding to "brace" or "leash." The old man had seen Veddas shoot lying on their backs and holding the bow with their feet, but this was only for amusement and to show their skill, no serious shooting was done in this way. The feathers of peacocks, herons and hawks were especially used in feathering arrows; any of these birds would be shot with an ordinary arrow, and peacock was [262] eaten as was jungle fowl, though no one would eat porcupine or buffalo; for these abstinences he could give no reason. Traps 226 were not used. Fish were eaten, being caught by poisoning the 278 water of pools with the bark of *damba*, *nahapata*, *pusulpata* (? *Entada scandens*) and the fruit of *timbiri* (*Diospyros embryopteris*) and *kukuruman* (*Adenanthera bicolor*). Pots and bark 415 cloth bags were made and betel pouches of monkey skin, though even then some village Veddas had cloth betel bags, and these occasionally reached the wilder Veddas. Among the village 304 Veddas both sexes bored their ears and the women wore ivory 301 studs in them; whether the women of the wilder groups bored 184 their ears and wore these ornaments was not clear, certainly 372 the men did not. Fire was obtained from two pieces of wood by drilling.

342 The wilder Veddas of those days built no houses but lived
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1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

entirely in caves; trading places called *wadia* near the caves, but out of sight of them, under a tree or rock, were used for bartering, where all strangers would stop and shout and then wait until their calls had been answered from the caves.

The Veddas were extremely jealous of their women, and intimate as our informant was with them as a young man, he was never taken to their caves while their women were there. The wilder Veddas could not count, at least they used no numerals beyond one, the method being to say "one" "and one" "and one," etc., probably putting a piece of stick on the ground or making a mark for each unit mentioned. Both hands with fingers extended were held up for ten, or perhaps for any number above six. The "silent trade" was only a tradition even among the wildest Veddas and had probably been extinct in this part of the country for at least two generations. The wilder Veddas had no areca nuts but chewed the bark of trees mixed with lime which they obtained by burning land shells which they called *wantako*.

Cousin marriage took place, the unions being arranged by the parents of the young people. Honey, dried venison and flesh of the monitor lizard were brought by the young man to the girl's father[1], who would call his daughter and give her in charge of her husband, for whom she would immediately make a waist string (*dia lanuwa*). She made no pretence of running away from her husband. Widows married an unmarried brother of their first husband if this were possible, in any case they might remarry and their sexual morality was as high as that of unmarried girls.

The wilder Veddas of the district belonged to the Morane and Unapane *waruge*; each clan had its own set of caves, though, since their members intermarried, there could have been no rigid exclusiveness about the arrangement. There were people of Uru *waruge* at a little distance; their status was lower than that of the Morane and Unapane folk, neither of whom would marry into this clan, and it was even said that the men of

[1] It was not clear whether more than one formal present of food was made; it must be remembered that a youth always gives part of any important kill to his potential father-in-law, cf. p. 67.

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

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Fig. 1. A chena settlement of the Henebedda Veddas

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Fig. 2. Henebedda Veddas of the Namadewa clan inhabiting the chena settlement

[facing p. 36]

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

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Fig. 1. Rough shelter on the Danigala rock dome

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Fig. 2. Veddas of Bandarawela

[facing p. 38]

1;Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

231 custom of the country and also selling those they have bred themselves. However, all this was unknown to us when we first met the people, nor would it have been possible to guess their prosperous condition from the first sight of their settlement.
123 It was well known throughout the Vedirata that investigations were about to be made among the Veddas, and all the village headmen had been given instructions to render assistance. They therefore told the Veddas to expect us, and would have sent for them to come to the Public Works Department bungalow on our arrival had we not expressly stated that we preferred to visit the people in their homes. A very rough track led to the top of
361 the Danigala Hill, about 1200 feet high, where, on a rounded
342 shoulder of rock stood the skeleton hut of the Danigala Veddas shown in Plate II. This was built on the pattern of the ordinary village Vedda habitations but entirely lacked the slats of bark which make the sides moderately weather proof. By its side was an even rougher shelter consisting of a large bough with the smaller branches trimmed and overlaid with banana leaves. Kaira the patriarch or "senior" of the group sat outside the hut with three other men; there were also present three women, a boy of about 12, and two younger children, and although both of the latter had many teeth they suckled persistently. This hut and some of its occupants are shown in Plate II, the rough shelter by its side in Plate XI, figure 1.

609 Although Mr Bibile, whom all these people knew quite well,
123 was with us, they were quite apathetic, their attitude was clearly not the result of shyness, but simply due to the fact that they took no interest in our presence; the women continued to suckle their infants and the men squatted or lay upon the rocks and chewed in gloomy silence, and when addressed they grunted "yes" or "no." One of the infants who smiled and cooed and tried to gain our attention was the only member of the group who seemed to take the least notice of us. Kaira told us that the people we now saw represented all that remained of the Danigala Veddas. We noticed some bananas (which do not grow wild in Ceylon) on the further side of the ridge and we asked to see their plantation. A prompt denial of its existence was the result, though Kaira afterwards told Mr Bibile that he

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

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Fig. 1. Vedda settlement at Unuwatura Bubula

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Fig. 2. Village Veddas of Dambani

[Facing p. 48]

1;Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1981
AX5 Vedda AX5

622 unconsciously fostered by him. A brief account of our visit to
156 Dambani will best show the present condition of these people.

While in the jungle we were suddenly met by four Veddas,
177 who greeted the Arachi in a deep and apparently fierce tone, he
576 returning the greeting in the same manner. To our surprise these men came up to one of us (C. G. S.), shook hands, and then turned and led us to their village, on the way to which we passed a couple of "tame" buffalo that tried to charge
[361] us. There were three huts in the village and the headman's wife—not at all shy or diffident—after shaking hands took one of us (B. Z. S.) by the arm and led her into a hut. This
[342] had a good roof and walls of sticks, only one side being closed by bark slats, it was full of pumpkins and other chena
126 produce, which were however soon removed. We then sat down to take vocabularies, as the talk going on around us sounded quite different from Sinhalese and they professed not to understand our interpreter who was unable to follow them. So we
574 spoke through the Arachi. The headman's wife brought us each
609 some honey and yams and commanded us to eat. We sucked
43) the honey comb, but that did not satisfy her and she tried to feed one of us (B. Z. S.) with yams herself and to pour water down her throat. After giving us a few Vedda words, the Vidane (headman) began to talk very angrily and then stalked out of the hut. He complained that we had not given him presents and refused to speak another word until we gave him something. Other men came into the village making a total of about 10 or 11 grown men and some boys, but only two middle-aged women, the wife of the Vidane and another, so it was evident that there were other huts in the neighbourhood. We told the Vidane that our carriers would bring presents and made him and a few other men come back to the hut. But after every two or three words there were more angry protests and our interpreter explained that "other white men had not treated them so." When they raised their voices their talk sounded fierce, every word being shouted with emphasis and accompanied by scowling looks. Then we found out from the Arachi that these like the Danigala Veddas were "show Veddas" who had been utterly spoilt by presents from "distinguished visitors," some of whom

1;Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

511 them was their unhuman apathy and utter lack of interest.... Although we came upon them unexpectedly, and although, as they told us later, they had never before seen white people, nevertheless, neither of them showed the slightest astonishment or interest in our appearance; both glanced up for a second, and then cast down their eyes, and continued silently shelling the seeds of the lotus pods beside them, and stirring the simmering pot over the fire. Near the other huts, women and children were occupied at the same task; some were sitting on the ground around a pile of lotus pods, others were attending to the cooking. At first the children seemed a little frightened at us, but contrary to expectation, did not rush off to the jungle....

"At the time of our visit there were but three men and 511 seventeen women and children in Makulugulla; these were 342 distributed in five shelters or huts. The chief's house was made [184 of four upright posts and a flat thatched roof of palm leaves, but 622] without walls or flooring. The other huts were shaped like A-tents, one was thatched with coarse grass, the other covered with large circular leaves of the lotus. The remaining two huts were shaped like wall tents, the roofs of grass or palm-leaf thatch, and the walls of bark. They all had dirt floors, and not one of them was over eight feet square. In three of the huts the utensils, such as earthen pots, baskets, gourds and mats, were piled on the ground at one end; in only two were there any [356 shelves. The floor of each, however, was neatly swept, and even outside the huts, where all but the aged and the very young slept, the ground had been swept clear of leaves and twigs.

"The cooking was all done out of doors, at a fire-place 511 consisting of three stones; and the cook was honoured by [352 having a seat, either a block of wood or the dried skin of the 359 Axis deer or the Muntjac. We were also surprised to see their providence, in that they had quite a good-sized bundle of dry 364 firewood on store in the huts. We expected to find the village reeking with refuse and decaying game, of which we heard that they were fond, but the place was free from smells, and really 361 clean. The jungle at this spot was composed of large trees and

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

CHAPTER IV

FAMILY LIFE

THE family life of the wilder Veddas centres round the rock-shelters which are truly their homes, and even among those Veddas who practise chena cultivation, but have not formed permanent settlements, these rock-shelters play an important part, the movements of the community or family group from shelter to shelter being regulated according to season and available food supply. Our experience leads us to believe that the wilder Veddas so greatly prefer rock-shelters to huts that they seldom build the latter, preferring rather to face the inconvenience of travelling some distance daily in search of food, and even to camp for the night under some temporary shelter. Except in this particular Nevill's description of the movements of a Vedda family still holds good if it be remembered that he applies the term "Village Vaedda" to any Vedda who makes even the roughest chena. "The Forest Vaedda forms a home two or three times a year, as the season demands. Thus in the dry hot months when brooks and ponds dry up, the game collects in the low forests around the half dried river beds. (He then takes his wife and children, aged parents or crippled relatives, and settles them in a hut close to a place where water can be got.) From this he makes his hunting forays, and returns to it with his game.) The rain sets in however, and the iguanas, deer, pigs, etc. are scattered over the country; the elk then seek rocky hills, and are followed by the Vaedda. The little household goods, the children, and family party, again are moved up to the high ground, avoiding the malaria that now hangs as a shroud over the forest-clad lowlands. Here, if possible, a cave is chosen for the home, and improved by a slight roof in front, if

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[592]

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

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too exposed, and around this the food winner ranges.... Besides his high-ground residence, and his low-ground residence, if a tract of forest burst suddenly into flower that attracts vast swarms of bees, or into useful fruit, the family will make a little pic-nic party, and go there for a week or month, if it be too far from the home for daily visits. He cannot, however, be called 'nomadic,' any more than the European who has a town house, and country house, though the climate during the dry season calls for so trifling a shelter, that a permanent house is not required....

"The village Vaedda was originally, and indeed is still, distinguished as one who had added grain cultivation to hunting, honey collecting, and yam digging. When he moved into summer quarters, he set to work and felled a suitable lot of forest and burned it off, in the intervals of hunting. When the rain approached, he put up a hut that would keep his family dry, on this cleared space, and scattered grain seed over the charred surface. Leaving such food as they had stored for use then, in charge of his family, he would go off for days together to the high ground in search of elk, lodging as before in caves. When the weather cleared, and the grain ripened, they collected it, paid away small shares to other less provident clansmen, who had during the wet season sent the family little presents of flesh, while the father was away, and then away they went to another dry season division of their territory, where the mininnas and iguanas abounded. There is thus little difference between the forest and the village Vaedda, except that the latter makes his dry season home sufficiently substantial to keep out rain as well as dew, and that he leaves his family there, and does not take them to the high ground. He has never yet learned to make his clearing into a field or garden, or his six months' hut into a permanent home. We now come to the dwellings themselves. Where an overhanging rock can be found, it is of course sufficient. Otherwise any rock is chosen, and some sticks being laid sloping in front of it, it is roughly thatched with twigs, rushes, and large pieces of bark. A few elk hides, if not bought up by pedlars, will form a screen at one end. If it is only to exclude dew a very few branches or bits of bark suffice[1]."

[1] *Taprobanian*, Vol. i, 1886, p. 185.

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

The protection from the weather offered by the majority of rock-shelters (for they are all so shallow that they scarcely deserve the name of caves) is somewhat scanty, and the drip

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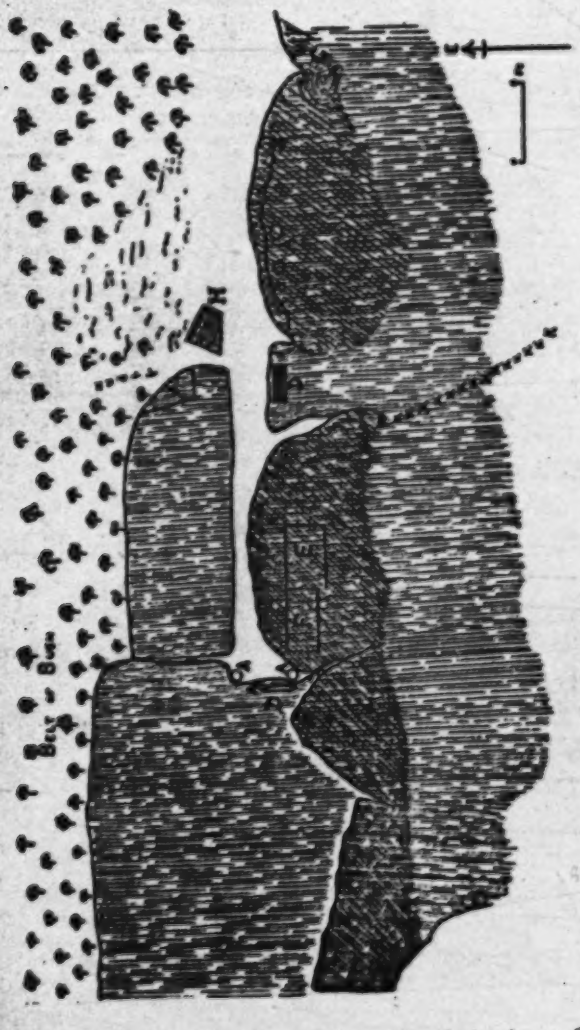

Fig. 1. Plan of caves at Bendiyagalge, the amount of overhang of the roof is roughly indicated by cross-hatching. A, circular holes cut in rock; B, drip ledge; C, termite heap; D, steps cut in rock; E, F, accurately worked and smoothed portions of cave floor; H, boulder upon which lines have been cut; J, face of boulder from which a portion has been detached.

ledges often cut in their rock walls show how fully this was realised by the Sinhalese who formerly lived in them. Nor are they in any sense capacious, as the plans of Pihilegodagalge

1;Seligmann & Seligmann E-S (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

342 (figure 2) and the Bendiyagalge caves (figure 1) show. In the former the shelter was constituted by the weathering back for about five feet of a horizontal stratum softer than the rest of the rock mass. The shelter thus formed was about five feet high at its front and three feet at its back, and from personal experience we can testify that it afforded comparatively good shelter from the wet. This can hardly have been the case with such caves as Bendiyagalge which appear to have been formed by the weathering of a stratum with a dip of about 45 degrees, or by the oblique tilting and subsequent weathering of a rock mass such as appears to have formed Uhapitagalge (Plate XVII, figure 2). Indeed we were told that such shelters as Punchiammagalge and Bendiyagalge sometimes became uncomfortably wet. Plate XVII, figure 1, is a view taken to show as much as possible of the rock mass in which the Bendiyagalge shelters are formed, and this figure and that of Uhapitagalge when examined in connection with the plan of Bendiyagalge will give a good idea of the possibilities of a Vedda rock-shelter as a home. As will be seen from Plate XVIII, figures 1 and 2 of Pihillegodagalge (Sitala Wanniya), no care is taken to keep the cave clean. At Bendiyagalge we noticed an unpleasant odour about the cave due to the lack of sanitary precautions taken by the members of the comparatively large community then living in these caves. Plate XIX, figure 1, shows the general appearance of these caves including the steps (Plate IX) hewn in the rock between the lower and upper caves and the worked edge of the upper cave forming a drip-ledge. Plate XIX, figure 2, is an early morning scene in the cave, and was taken soon after its occupants had awakened.

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The love of the wilder Veddas for their rock-shelters, as well as their disregard for climatic conditions, is well illustrated by a remark made by Handuna the oldest and most influential man among the Sitala Wanniya Veddas, "It is pleasant for us to feel the rain beating on our shoulders, and good to go out and dig yams and come home wet and see the fire burning in the cave and sit round it."

152 Such a remark is in itself evidence of a cheerful disposition, and before going any further we must describe the Vedda

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

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Fig. 1. General view of the rock shelters at Bendiyagalge

Fig. 2. Uhapitagalge rock shelter

[facing p. 84a]

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

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Fig. 1. Pihilegodagalge rock shelter

Fig. 2. Part of Pihilegodagalge rock shelter

[facing p. 84 b]

Plate XIX

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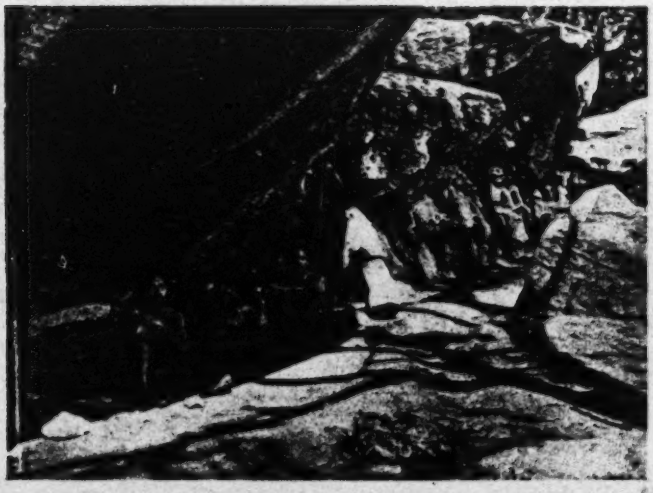

Fig. 1. Lower rock shelter at Bendiyagalge

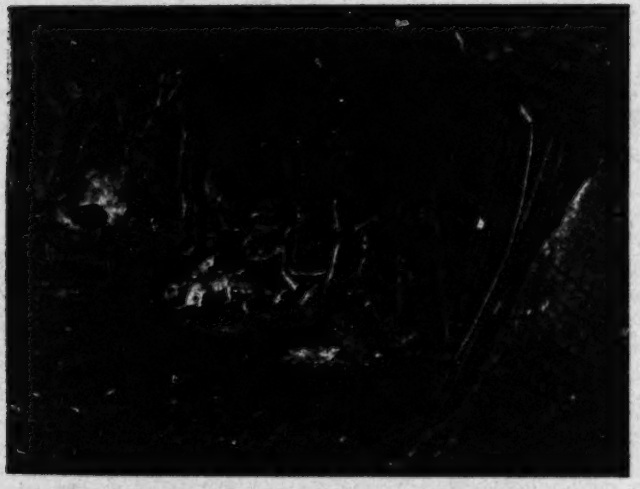

Fig. 2. Early morning scene in lower rock shelter at Bendiyagalge

[facing p. 84c]

1;Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

Things new to them which we showed.

152 522 them often provoked peals of laughter; to see the eldest and most venerable man solemnly have his thumb nail pressed by a brass machine (algometer) was particularly amusing to the rest of the community, one man actually rolling on the ground with laughter. The old man took it all in excellent part and smiled indulgently. Doubtless Veddas vary much in character, but all except the "show" Veddas are genial and courteous, and have always been rightly considered truthful. At Sitala 153 Wanniya Handuna was the most intelligent man, keenly in- 554 terested in all the new things we showed him; he obviously 156 ruled the community by force of character, coupled with the fact that he was a shaman. Nila, however, was also a shaman, but he was obviously not so strong a man as Handuna, to whose opinion he deferred, and naturally took second place. Vela, half-brother of Handuna, was extremely shy but by no means stupid, he generally tried to get out of doing things, professing inability, but when urged by Handuna did everything as well as the other men. Kaira, *baena* (son-in-law) to Handuna, was intelligent and talkative and inclined to be boastful. Pema, *baena* to Nila, did not speak much, chiefly we thought because he was a young man and had not much to tell, for although he did not chatter like Kaira he smiled and did not hang his head when addressed, as Vela did.

342 592 621 423 Whether staying in a "private" or "communal" cave the family life continues in much the same manner. If in a communal cave, each family keeps strictly within its own limits, the women may always be seen at exactly the same spot, and when the men come in they sit or lie beside their wives, keeping to that part of the cave floor that belongs to them as carefully as though there was a partition dividing it from that of their neighbours. Figure 2 is a plan of Pihilegodagalge showing the actual division of floor space. Food is frequently 621 cooked by one woman and shared by all the members of 422 the community, in fact, although it might be cooked separately, it did not seem that any food was private property. One other fact was very noticeable in communal caves, namely, that men never kept their bows and arrows in their own division, but always put them all together in a particular

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

place.) The "arsenal" at Bendiyagalge is well seen in Plate XIX, figures 1 and 2, while at Pihilegodagalge all the bows and arrows were rested on an old ant heap in the centre of the cave.

Though men do sometimes dig for yams, hunting is essentially their work, and yams were usually dug by the women who also do the cooking. This is of the simplest kind; yams are roasted in ashes, in which way meat may also be cooked, while practically everything else is boiled in a pot over three stones. Many Veddas also know how to cook curry, and deer's flesh is dried on a rack and smoked. A rack is built usually in a sunny place, the meat is put on this and a smoky fire kept burning beneath it, the flesh is thus dried in the sun and smoked simultaneously. This process is usually superintended by men.

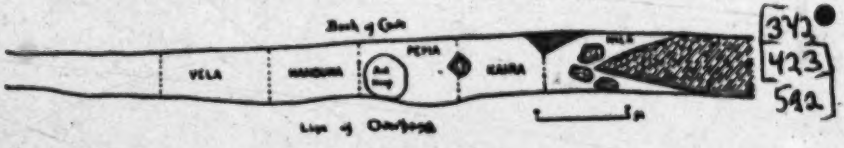

Fig. 2. Plan of Pihilegodagalge.

Plate XVII, figure 1, shows a rack built to smoke meat on the top of the Bendiyagalge rock-mass.

A Vedda will never sleep on the ground if there is any rock upon which he can lie. If he has a deerskin or a piece of cloth he will lie on it, if not he does not seem to object to the cold rock, and so avoids contact with the ground damp from the heavy dews. He always keeps a small fire burning beside him; this was noticed by Nevill, who says: "A Vaedda never sleeps without a smouldering fire by his side. I am assured, should accident oblige them to do so, they have usually died from a fever caught by the omission[1]."

The Veddas are strictly monogamous, and we were able to confirm Bailey's observations as regards their marital fidelity. "Their constancy to their wives is a very remarkable trait in their character in a country where conjugal fidelity is certainly not classed as the highest of domestic virtues. Infidelity,

[1] *Taprobanian*, Vol. 1, Aug. 1886, p. 187.

1:Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

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[342]

Fig. 1. Portion of Pihilegedagaiya belonging to Kaira

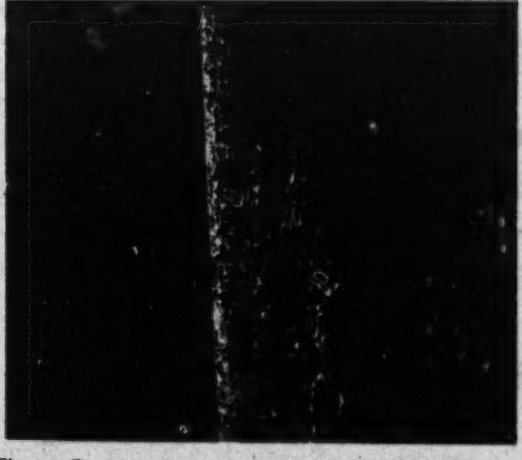

Fig. 2. Boundary mark cut by Handuna of Sitala Wasmiya

[facing p. 112]

1;Seligmann & Seligmann E-5 (1907-1908) 1911
AX5 Vedda AX5

101 We found that the Coast Veddas spoke of themselves as
113 Verdas and said that long ago their fathers came from inland.
191 They all speak Tamil, but some assert that they still know, and at times use among themselves, their old Vedda language, but when we asked the men who made this statement to speak in their ancestral dialect they spoke Sinhalese[1]. Besides this a few of the older men know the names of some of the Vedda *warugé*, while others are able to trace their descent to them.

142 The Coast Vedda is darker, taller and more stoutly built than the true Veddas. In fact they generally resemble low caste Tamils, yet in almost every settlement there are one or two men shorter than their comrades and presenting an almost typical Vedda caste of countenance. The women are all much [291] bigger than true Vedda women and would pass for Tamils, after whose fashion they dress.

Plate LXVIII, figs. 1 and 2, represent Verdas from settlements to the north of Kalkudah.

241 The Verdas build comfortable huts in small clearings, usually
342 within a mile of the sea; they cultivate maize and pumpkins and other easily grown crops round their houses and in patches of clearing in the surrounding jungle.

415 They have plenty of pots and baskets and also possess drums
534 and fishing gear, so that their mode of life differs but little from
621 that of the poor and low caste Tamils who are their neighbours. One, two, or more rarely, three houses stand in each clearing, and it seems that the people living in each clearing are closely related by blood or connected by marriage.

361 The chief Verda settlements north of Batticaloa are Pellan-
505 chenai near Kalkudah 20 miles from Batticaloa and at Varkanari some 10 miles north of Kalkudah on the far side of the river which is crossed by a ferry at Valarchchenai. At Panichchenkeni some 14 miles further north is another ferry, where the local Verdas act as ferrymen, while there are two other Verda settlements some three miles beyond the ferry at sites called Vellaiadé and Kandaladi respectively.

[1] Nevill (loc. cit.) noticed the same state of affairs, he said "Only the old men speak what they call Vaedda, which is pure but quaint Sinhalese with a Vaedda accent, as a rule, though mixed with some words characteristic of true Vaedda."

Plate LXIX

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Fig. 1. Settlement of Coast Veddas

[417]

Fig. 2. Settlement of Coast Veddas

[facing p. 332b]

2:Bailey G-5 (ca. 1854) 1863
AX5 Vedda AX5

calca and Badulla. The largest Veddah population is in the former district, and these are they of whom Tennent principally writes, but they are by no means the wildest specimens of the race. They have not maintained so complete an isolation from other races as those I am about to describe, and consequently are not worthy of the same attention.*

It is the "Wilder Sort" of Veddahs, as Knox calls them, of whom I desire to place on record as accurate description, before they quite pass away and are forgotten.

They roam about through the park-like district of Nilgala, which presents, of its kind, perhaps the loveliest scenery in this beautiful island, and wander among the forests of Bintenne—that "Land of Bintan all covered with mighty woods and filled with abundance of deer", where Knox tells us these dreaded "Wild Men" dwelt.

It would be difficult to conceive more barbarous types of the human race than they present. Yet there are degrees even in *their* barbarism, for those of Nilgala are wilder than their brethren of Bintenne. They are fewer in number, and more diminutive in stature. They are distributed through their lovely country in small septa, or families, occupying generally caves in the rocks, though some have little bark huts. They depend almost solely on hunting for their support,† and hold little communication even with each other.

Few in number as they are,—they did not exceed seventy-two persons in 1858,—still no other human beings are to be found for many miles round their habitations, and this seclusion has caused them to retain peculiarities which are fast disappearing, or have already disappeared from among even the wildest of Bintenne.‡

There, there are both wild and settled Veddahs. Of the latter

* See Tennent's remarks on the late Mr. Atherton's praiseworthy and successful labours in civilizing the Veddahs of the Batticaloa district, where there are now only some two hundred and fifty who, having resisted all his efforts to improve them, still live in caves near the rock called Gunner's Quoin, and in Palla Palata of the Batticaloa Bintenna. I have been in communication with Mr. Birch, the present agent for government in that district, and, from specimens of their *patois* which he sent me, and which greatly resembles the Singhalese usually spoken, in those very words in which, in the Badulla district, the Veddah dialect differs from it, I am justified in describing them as having had, in some period of their history, more intercourse with the Singhalese than those of whom I am writing.

† Solely till 1855, when I succeeded in inducing them to turn their attention to cultivation; but they much prefer their own wild life, and their cultivation is very limited.

‡ In using the term Bintenne, I refer to that portion of the division of Bintenne which belongs to the Badulla district. A larger portion of the same division is in Batticaloa.

2: Bailey G-5 (ca. 1854) 1863
AX5 Vedda AX5

I shall say nothing, for they have long associated, although they have not yet intermarried, with the neighbouring Singhalese. The former resemble those of Nilgala. If they are less wild, it is but a shade less wild, almost too slight to be called more civilized. They, in like manner, are distributed in small tribes or families. They live in huts formed of boughs and bark, not so much from any advance in civilization, as from the dearth of rock caves, which abound in Nilgala; but they, too, become Troglodytes in wet weather. They cultivate small patches of chena,* but their chief source of livelihood is the produce of the chase, and honey; and they move about from forest to forest, guided by the blossoming of the flowers, in search of bees and game. Their number in 1856 was 364, but some of these even were much more wild than others.

Both Nilgala and Bintenne Veddahs regard, for each tribe, particular tracts of country as their own, and are, as Knox tells us, careful not to trespass over each other's bounds, and they observe the custom, still prevalent among Kandyans, which entitles the lord of the soil to a portion of the game killed upon it.†

In my description of the wild Veddahs of Nilgala, and those of Bintenne, it is well to bear in mind that, though they are not fifty miles apart, there is no communication whatever between them. No individual Veddah of the one district ever saw one of the other. They are entirely distinct; but distinct only in geographical position. They have inherited the same customs, superstitions, names, and dialect.‡

In appearance, the Veddahs differ materially from the Singhalese. They are smaller in every respect, and rather darker, or, more properly, more dusky in complexion. They are short, slightly built, yet very active. Though far from being muscular, their limbs are firmly knit together, and they are athletic and capable of enduring great fatigue. Though spare, they are generally in very fair condition, and look more healthy than many of the Singhalese in the adjoining districts.§

The tallest Veddah I ever saw, a man so towering above his

* A "chéna" is a patch of ground cleared from the forest for cultivation. The jungle is burnt down, a crop taken off, and then suffered to grow up again. It is recleared again after intervals of from five to ten years.

† This custom is called gang-gâté, lit. village hind leg; "gama" would be better translated "township", as it signifies a tract of ground within certain limits. The lord of the soil claims the "hind leg" of any deer, etc., killed within his bounds.

‡ The Veddahs of the Badulla Bintenne appear a distinct sept; those of Nilgala are connected with a Veddah family living just across the Batticaloa boundary, close to which their country lies.

§ I use the term "Singhalese" and "Kandyan" in distinction from "Veddah."

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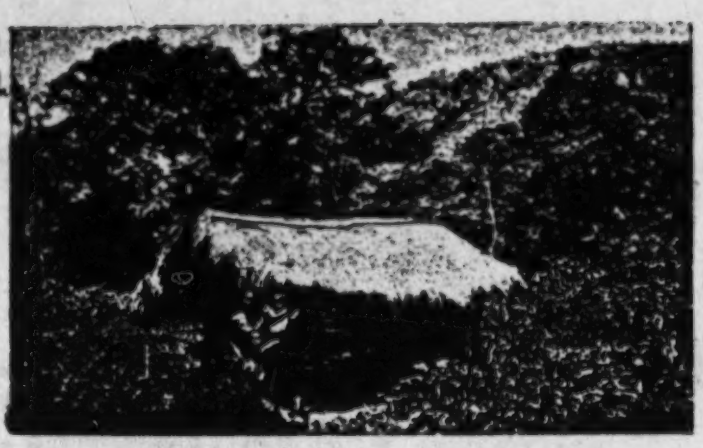

Poromola's lonely home

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Vedda bowman of Dambana

[facing p. vi]

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Of no consequence except to each other (Page 5)

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Gunner's Quoin across Manampitiya tank. (Page 7)

[Facing p. 3]

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A Vedda home of the Ulpotta. (Page 8)

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Veddas of Gunner's Quoin. The two to the left (Vela and Sissa) are the most typical. (Page 8)

[facing p. 8]

5: Spinal D-8 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX5 Vedda AX5

We had hardly gained the base of the rock when we heard human voices and soon came up with three men and their dogs. One fellow carried a gun, the others had axes hitched to their shoulders. They were on their way to a devil dancing ceremony at a house of illness some miles away; but abandoning their project they accompanied us to their homes.

In a small clearing stood half a dozen leafy shelters. Outside one of these, three women with infants at the breast were seated roasting small yellow flowers. The rest of their people were at work on a *chena** close by. We summoned them and soon we had all the Veddas of the *Kosgaha Ulpotta* before us—some six or eight men and about a dozen women and children. They were a poor lot bearing the stigmata of malaria and framboesia. There was but one old man among them. The children were emaciated and languid.

Most of them showed strong traces of Tamil admixture, especially the women; what poor ornaments they wore, their clothing, and even their very names were Tamil; and so were their predilections if the coy smiles one or two of them bestowed on the fine Tamil that accompanied us signified anything. There were at least three men, however, true to Vedda type—short of stature, wild-eyed, with beardless face and up-standing frizzly hair.

They had no bows among them, except as playthings for the children, but made us one as a memento and stained it with charcoal and *thimbiri* to give it the appearance of use.

The huts were fashioned of wattle and leaves, and thatched with dry grass. Their domestic appointments comprised earthen pots, a wooden pestle and mortar, bark rope, and a deer skin or two.

Fruits, flowers, wild yams, honey, the flesh of animals, *kurrukhan*† and maize formed their food. The meat they fancied most was that of the langur and monitor lizard which they hunted with the lazy mongrels that loitered about. They eat abundantly and at any hour when food is plentiful; but as a rule one good meal a day is all they expect; in times of dearth they bear hunger stoically, chewing incessantly a few varieties of bark they carry in pouches fashioned of cloth saturated with melted wax (*itee rethee*). Partial nomads, they spend many months of the year under trees and in caves. Where the *palu*, *veera*, *kong*, or *mora*‡ fruit is ripe, where the hives are, there they take their women and children, dogs, and chattels and go.

"How often do you bathe?" I asked one of them, the smell of their ring-wormed bodies suggesting little acquaintance with water.

"What bathing for us," he replied. "We fall into a stream once in a way and get out again; that is our bath. And we only do that when our stomachs are full. When we are hungry we don't care for anything; we can eat even a man then!"

In answer to the question how they measured distances and what constituted a mile, the reply was, "We walk till our legs hurt, then we place our axes on the ground, sit down, take out our pouches, and chew a quid; that is our mile".

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*A patch of forest cleared for cultivation

†*Eleusine coracana*

‡*Minusops hexandra, Hemicyclia sepiaria, Schleichera trijuga, Nephelium longana*, respectively.

5: Spittel D-5 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX5 Vedda AX5

Vela was an interesting little chap and, unlike the others, had always something to say for himself. He entertained us with charms, pleasing lullabies, and songs of rock and stream demons that came as fast as *na* leaves shaken by the wind, in the guise of bears, their mouths adrip with human blood. These he sang despite warnings from the others who reminded him that he had sucked a chicken bone, which was a dangerous thing to do before invoking devils lest it invite their anger.

Coming to a pool, brown with decaying leaves, we asked if the water was good. "Very good," said a Vedda, adding the epicurean touch, "Those fallen flowers floating there make the water sweet; they are the flowers that give good honey."

It was high noon when Veddas left us to go in search of food. But Vela lingered to tell us of the oppression of the local headman. Did they but catch a young deer or pea-chick that came their way they were prosecuted. The visiting apothecary too was bad; he gave them no medicines except for gifts of honey or meat; and the poor fellows had little enough for themselves.

Having visited a cave containing the battered remains of an old Buddha, we continued our circuit of the rock; and after a walk of an hour and a half under a burning sky, came to the Veddas of the *Kudda Ulpotha*. These had no huts of any sort, but merely sat grouped in families under various trees. It was the season of the *kong* fruit, of which there was plenty about. Women were boiling down the luscious pulp with which to make cakes, or extracting from the seeds an oil said to be good for sores and wounds. Very fond of the fruit they all were; it had been their only sustenance for days. One little urchin, his mouth be-ringed with parangi ulcers, was licking clean a coconut shell containing the acrid juice, with a relish worthy of a tastier dish.

The patriarch of the settlement, Naida, and his wife were typical Veddas; but here again most of the others showed Tamil admixture. One man had a large scar across his face. The manner he came by it illustrates well the aggressiveness of the little Ceylon sloth-bear. When out collecting honey he saw a she-bear and her cub. Realizing the certain disaster of such an encounter he cautiously climbed a tree; but in doing so snapped a twig and gave himself away. With a series of blood-curdling cries she charged him, and clambering up the tree, bit and clawed him severely. A large flap was torn from his face. This his father sewed up with a thorn and fibre, and doctored with a result that might have done credit to any surgeon. Living as they invariably do in the neighbourhood of rocks, and having kindred tastes in honey, yams, and fruit, the Veddas and bears often encounter each other, as the ugly scars on many of the men testify.

As, footsore and tired, we rounded the southern end of the rock towards evening, we met parties of Veddas returning with basketfuls of *kong* fruit. One youth was up a tree making the jungle ring to his song as he beat down the berries. As it darkened we reached Manampitiya, but not before we had worried a blind old owl that had descended to a streamlet to quench its thirst.

It is hard to forget that first experience of the Veddas in their homes: those voices in the jungle, that sight of their huts among the trees, and of their women roasting dainty little flowers for food.

5: Spinel D-5 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX5 Vedda AX5

The next noon we were on the river making easy passage with the current all in our favour, and travelling at ten times the speed we had laboured up. The boatmen who had spent the night on the bank looked as if they were afflicted with measles, so remorselessly had the mosquitoes handled them; and already one of them was shivering with malaria.

The heat of noon on the river was intense; and the splash of the oars or the sight of boys bathing at the draw-wells gave little appeasement. No bird had the heart to sing. As we passed, king-fishers flashed out of their cool retreats, coveys of stove-curlew ran up the shoals, and submerged wild buffaloes floundered up the bank. Clusters of yellow butterflies sipped moisture from the wet sand. A brahminy kite, its feet immersed in the shallows, whistled a warning to its mate, that answered from afar.

At Kandakadu, where we met the first Vedda and his child, we spent the night; and, having two hours daylight to spare, decided to visit his village, in spite of being advised against it at that hour, as elephants were plentiful. The place was disappointing as regards Veddas; for, instead of the crude huts we hoped to see, we found well built houses with cattle and fowls in plenty; and the inhabitants, though they called themselves Vedda, were Tamils to all appearance. Nevertheless, we saw here a sight we would not have missed. In a field in full view of the village, and bordering a pool where women went for water, were three elephants belly-deep in the tall grass feeding with the indifference of cattle. The forest between this village and the river veritably teemed with traces of elephants.

At the Verugal junction we were greeted by a fine old Arab in baggy breeches and skull-cap. His house, a stout three-storied structure, was designed to stand the stress of floods. When the lower floors were submerged he would remain islanded on the upper which had mud floors to permit of cooking. On the rich silt left in his garden when the waters ebbed, he planted tobacco and the luxuriant vegetables he was now selling our boatmen. A stern man was Mohamed Sultan as he was called. When one of our party cut more sugar-cane than he intended taking, he was brought to his senses quickly enough with a single sentence. The aggrieved one afterwards confided to me that Mohamed was once a notorious robber of Kiniyai where he lived killing and eating other people's cattle!

We rapidly drifted toward the end of our journey, having done in a day and half downstream what we had taken seven days upstream to accomplish. As we reached the river-mouth the mosquito hosts were abroad, a storm threatened, but the fishers of the estuary were unconcernedly hauling their nets to a song.

5: Spinel D-5 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX5 Vedda AX5

136 The grass in the glades was so tall that it covered us entirely. One's only chance of encountering game lay at the forest margins, or in the infrequent patches of burnt ground, overspread with the tender spicous shoots of which the chital are fond. Parrots and doves broke the stillness of the evening with their crooning. Startled quails whirred from our feet crying vociferous caution to their crouching young, and sometimes we would flush a *pathan kukula*, a species of partridge. But the note that accorded most with the brooding genius of the place, was the mournful, incessant 'ho-ho, ho-ho' of the *botua-kapan*, a cuckoo which, try as we might, we failed to see.

361 The next morning, provided with a small langur we shot on the way, we visited the Henebedde Veddas in their homes. Handuna's hut 231 stood at the foot of a densely wooded hill. There were a few cattle about which the Veddas tended for a consideration from the Sinhalese; and, what was even more unexpected, we found here a couple of hens with excellent broods; for, even the Sinhalese of these parts, as we learnt to our cost, kept no fowls. In these pursuits lie the nuclei that bid fair to tie nomadic hunters to fixed abodes.

● 342 Handuna's hut was a long low structure of wattle and bast thatched with straw, and partitioned into three or four dark rooms, occupied by [281 his family and those of his sons-in-law. At one end of the building was an 362] open living-room in which we were entertained with deer skins for seats. Slung from the eaves, at the other end of the hut, was a gourd, the mouth 231 of which was plugged with wax pierced with two small holes, through which bees busily entered and emerged. As I focussed my camera on this interesting example of Vedda apiculture, the enterprising showman naively remarked that a gentleman had once given him a rupee for that picture; but he might have spared the hint for the good it brought him.

343 Standing a little apart from the main hut, was a squat, kennel-like [84] structure for the segregation of women, during their monthly indis- [171] position. This feature is universal among jungle folk, whether Vedda, half-Vedda, Sinhalese, or Tamil. These sheds, barely sufficient for an individual to sit or lie crouched in, are often overgrown by jungle, and only crudely protected with bark-slats or deer skins; they have a fire-place at the open entrance; sometimes they are more hygienically built over trestles. Considering the poor protection they afford, and their nearness to the forest around, it must require some fortitude on the part of those occupying them, especially at night.

252 We now saw the monkey we had brought prepared for food. A slow fire was kindled in the garden; on this the carcase was placed, and turned over until well singed, emitting a most appetising odour. The smooth stone on which Handuna had up to now been seated, and which did service as seat or platter as occasion demanded, was requisitioned; the half-roasted animal was placed on it, disemboweled, and quartered with the blade of an arrow. A dog, that had been awaiting the opportunity, feasted on the offal in full view. The head was severed and split in half, [824 the limbs, dismembered, and the trunk broken flat. The various frag- 264] ments were then put back to roast. When all was ready, dainty morsels were served out to us on broad *kenda** leaves (the usual plates of these 262 people), with the polite request that we must eat first. A fragment of liver done to a turn, and a dainty hand with the charred little fingers

*Macaranga tomentosa.

5: Spittel D-5 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX5 Vedda AX5

and ear-rings and necklaces. Sober, wistful children ate raw melons or fragments of *kurrukkan* cake as hard as brick, plastered over with flies.

Indian corn and *kurrukkan*, the staple food of these people, are prepared in a variety of ways. After soaking in water for twenty-four hours, they are reduced to flour, *kurrukkan* on grind-stones, maize with pestle and mortar, and eaten in one of three forms—*talapa*, *roti*, or *pittu* appetised with pungent sambols.

Let us look into one of their homes. It is windowless and dark, except for the light that comes between the bark-slats in a hundred dazzling shafts. There are two rooms; the inner small and narrow, the outer a larger living room with a single doorway protected by a two foot fence—a provision for the children. At one corner is a hearth underlying a low trestle bridging the wall angle, for drying flesh; at another a cage-work containing earthen pots and garish Allervale cups and plates. Hanging about the walls are rolled mats, oil bottles, baskets and clusters of sheathed corn cobs. Head-high is an open ceiling containing a jumble of things such as an old umbrella, wicker baskets, large earthen pots and gourds. On the floor is a large grind-stone, and littered about are shreds of mats, a deer skin or two, dirty cloths, a small pillow, a betel bag, a rush broom and a polished plank—certainly the most primitive chair imaginable. There is also a coconut-scraper of curious design, made of a serrated iron disc wedged into the outstanding limb of a triple-branched stem resting on its Y-shaped arms. Such are the appointments of a *chena* Vedda's domicile.

These communal dwellings stockaded against beast aggression in the heart of wild nature, the watch huts on the trees, the hallos all night, proclaim the incessant struggle between man and the animals in whose strong kingdom he is only a small unit. But for its inalienable hardships the life of this people makes a homely appeal to the human heart. Nature a capricious giver, bestows now abundantly now sparingly, and he who would wrest a living from her must have supple thews and great endurance.

Henanagalla was a place of antiquarian interest a few miles from Dolagalwella. On the summit of a large low rock in an undulating glade stood a broken dagaba completely obscured by a growth of big trees and scrub. Desultory worshippers had trussed up a slab for offerings of wild flowers. A low wall of hewn granite blocks surrounded the structure, and a half buried monolith or two peeped out of the ruin.

Descending from here and working round through a tangle of brush-wood, we came to a commodious cave quite forty paces long, showing the remains of enclosing and partitioning walls, a slotted stone for the support of a pillar and a large flat *puja* stone.

Besides these evidences of ancient occupation, were signs of more recent use. The cave was obviously a resort of monitor hunters. There were the long sticks with which the savoury creatures had been poked out of deep lairs, and cooking frames where they had been roasted. The floor was littered with their dry heads, corn-cobs and nut-shells.

But more interesting than all this were the crude drawings that adorned the inner dome. Here was a veritable gallery of untutored art, wrought with finger for brush and a mixture of ash and water for paint. There were the most primitive representations imaginable of leopards, elephants

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cries he had rushed in vain to the rescue. It speaks much for the dominance of man over animals that this puny fellow, armed only with a small hatchet, could live with impunity in such surroundings; and moreover leave his wife and children unprotected in their fragile leaf-hut while he was out in quest of food.

"Cha," I heard Sinna ruminating sorrowfully to himself, "the goa-catching dog is gone."

"Have you no other?" I asked.

"The one that's left isn't much good," he said. "With the bitch I lost I could catch six *goyas** a day."

The way to the caves was up the heavily-wooded, boulder-encumbered side of the hill, plentiful with caves of bear, porcupine and wild cat. On the sandy floor of one dark den were the footprints of a bear and her cubs that had just vacated it. Sinna was well ahead of us, as we clambered on trembling knees regardless of all else but where to gain foot-hold, when a timorous one called out to the Vedda from below, "There now, if a bear should come, don't you run away and climb a tree."

The little chap wagged his head acquiescingly. I asked him what he would do in such an event.

"We will also strike; he will also bite," was the cool reply.

Gaining a spur, at length we attained the first of the series of caves known as the Maraweethiya. A strong aroma of bats greeted us. Ant-hills grew out of the dusty floor of the cave, the plastered dome of which was ornamented with frescoes of Buddhas and *devas*. A decayed wooden image stood behind a flat altar stone supported on bricks, many of which lay fallen about. A broken wall partially shut in the cave, and another divided it off from a deep pool of crystalline water.

From here a passage protected by a low wall led through a narrow gulley flanked by small trees; thence by way of spurs, tunnels and deep grottoes we came to a shallow cave in full face of the sky, where we were the cause of much concern to a pair of peregrine falcons. They hovered above us crying perturbedly; now they would swoop boldly down almost within reach of our hands; now wing away with harsh cackling cries of alarm, as they discovered us handling their eggs, that lay amidst the debris of brick and tile.

Ahead was a fearsome pass, which we must negotiate to reach the last of the caves. It was no more than a shallow, sloping notch in the sheer side of the rock, overlooking a drop of about three hundred feet, and with seemingly nothing beyond it but eternity. On hands and knees we crawled through and were mightily relieved to find ourselves in the security of a large grotto. Here, before two patched stone images, we found a few of our carriers devoutly kneeling; on an altar-stone were their meagre oblations of ixora blooms they had gathered on the way. The virtue, it would seem, lay less in the quality of the offerings than in the attainment of this inhospitable shrine with its weathered and lonely gods.

We could go no farther; but hence along the crazy edge of the hill was the merest semblance of a break-neck way that led, we were told, to the ancient kingdom of the *rakshayas* (demons) with its foot-wide

*Monitor lizard

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Gypsies E15
Ceylon

V 535 with muscular grace, performed the flower dance to the Peradeniya god for the favour of crops.

V 562 The women of Kadiniyaya slunk into their hovels at sight of us. A man sat scraping the hair off a girl's scalp with a blunt knife; another was muttering a spell over some lime juice for a fevered wretch. Swarming blue-bottles and a most unholy odour led to the discovery, in a covered hole, of putrid sambur entrails awaiting the pot; like civilised epicures they apparently fancied their game high!

V 103 Wadinagala, the southern Friar's Hood (the mountain that rose to Buddha's bidding), towered before us as we lay encamped in the picturesque little village of Landegama. Here we learnt that a company of gipsies, some fifty strong, had preceded us. These forest gangs, unlike those of the road, are nomadic shepherds, pasturing their herds in the jungle plains. They hunt the sambur with dogs and javelin. Approaching coastal towns from time to time they barter their cattle, and are on the whole fairly prosperous. But a gipsy is a gipsy the world over, faithful to traditions of snake-craft and beggary, and these are no exception, plying their trade among the poor villagers with an eye to a handful of grain or vegetables. Sooner or later we hoped to meet them, but for the present all the evidence we had of them were abandoned hearths and a helpless pup they had heartlessly abandoned.

V 539 At Landegama was a hunter who entertained us far into the night with jungle tales. He described to us how leopards caught monkeys. The animal climbs a tree in the line of feeding langurs, and waits concealed. When one of them comes near enough he springs on it and both fall to the ground. Should the attempt fail, the leopard gives forth a series of fearful growls and rushes hither and thither making great commotion; then suddenly becomes quiet and hides. Inquisitiveness is the monkeys' undoing; at first, uttering their cries of rage and terror, the 'ah-he-hik' so familiar to hunters, they look for him from secure heights; but not seeing him they become bolder and bolder and come down lower and lower; until eventually, one pays the price of his foolhardiness.

V 342 361 Wadinagala village, singularly enough, lies farther from the rock of that name than Landegama which nestles at its foot. Here was a medley of huts well illustrating the various types prevalent in the *Vanni*. The roofs of all were *illuk*-thatched; but the walls were various: a few were made of mud, some of wattle and bast, others of wattle and maize sheaths or of leafy twigs; while most had two or more of these combined.

000 V [132] A sudden shower, that caught us as we rested on the banks of the Palang Oya, proved the harbinger of many wet days to come. That evening we entered Kokunahare in the pelting rain, our clothes, bedding and food deplorably drenched. Rushing into the first hut we found we ousted its occupants with gentle persuasion. Cooking was out of the question; but our ever-ready lunch basket provided a menu of tongue, fruit salad, biscuits and cheese, and a thermos-flaskful of hot tea. What shifts the shivering carriers made for food or sleep we had not the courage to inquire.

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Deserted Bowals (Page 48)

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3. A VEDDA OF DIVULANA

DIVULANA was recompense for our toil. The irrigation bungalow, placed high above the bund, over-looked the beautiful hill-encircled tank, whose glassy surface was broken by stones and snags on which cormorants and darters sunned.

Two miles within the forest lived Naga-Kauwa, a witless dwarf of fifty, the sole Vedda of Divulana. Born in Kovil Vannami, he came as a child to the Rasagala caves, of which in their best day his people occupied four or five. Now he and his family alone survived. Three years ago he had abandoned cave life for that of the *chena* ; and there we found him amidst his cassava and the tender teak he nursed for a consideration from Government.

His stalwart sons—quite unlike the father—brought us some yams, a mouse deer and a primitive drum—the broken-off rim of an earthen pot covered with wanderoo skin and fitted with a taut fibre.

Kauwa's hut was a thing to behold. The Tamils had said, "See Kauwa, this is the way to build a house" ; and Kauwa had built this crazy thing a child of twelve might have bettered. The thatch was a medley of dry grass and bark ; the walls were of wattle, which stuck out untrimmed through the roof, and bark slats so poorly fitted together that there was more aperture than cover. The structure was no more than four-foot square and two-storied at that ; merely a covered trestle three feet off the ground. In the lower floor his wife and children lay huddled like rats ; on the upper, its irregularities smoothed with bundles of rush (primary elements of a mat), the lord and master slept. Such was the caveman's first attempt at fashioning an abode. By the entrance was a fireplace, and, scattered about, were the bones of monkeys and monitor lizards and the carapaces of tortoises that had served for food. Stuck in the roof was a broken comb of buffalo horn, true touch of civilisation, for the test of a real Vedda is that his hair must be stranger to a comb.

Getting information from Kauwa was like squeezing water out of a stone ; he could no more describe the simplest thing than he could fly. Still, patience does much and this is what we gleaned :

Tortoises and pangolins are considered good eating by the Veddas ; but the porcupine they abhor, calling it a *rodiya* among beasts, and only killing it to give to their dogs. Why Veddas never eat porcupine I have not been able to ascertain : it is said that, in the old lawless days, they would go the length of burning down a Sinhalese hut in which they discovered a porcupine being cooked. Pork they love because it clears the blood, and one or two pigs a month the Vedda must have. Venison causes itching and is not so good !

Vedda cookery, simple in the extreme, can still boast some tasty dishes : *Gona-perume* is a sausage consisting of alternate layers of sambur meat and fat. *Le-perume* is the same, with the addition of a third layer of blood-clot. *Goa-thel-perume* is made by skinning the monitor's meaty

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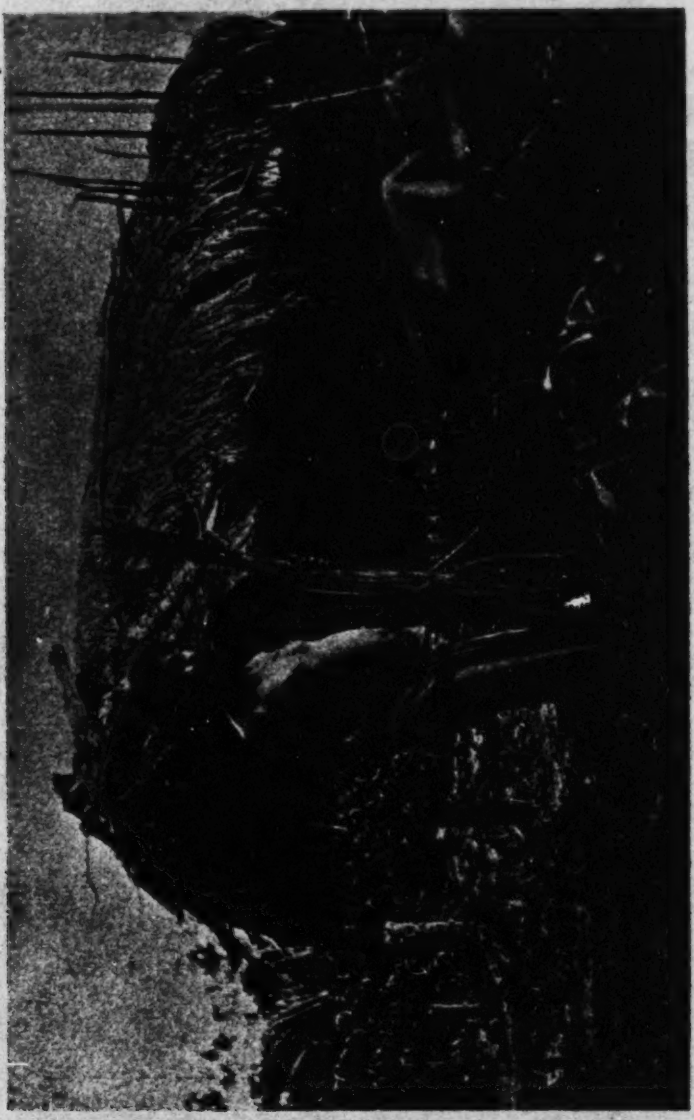

"Kauwa's hut was a thing to behold." (Page 55)

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5: Spittel D-5 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX5 Vedda AX5

Even a Vedda child should be able to pick its way through the jungle with no mark to guide it."

We had travelled thus a long while, and for all I knew had lost all trace of the Veddas, when we struck a stream where the foot-prints of a man and a dog were evident. Soon we were climbing up to Dhik-galge, to find, alas! that not only was it deserted, but that no Veddas had been near it for many a long day. The Veddas had lied to the Chetty!

The cave we found ourselves in was a magnificent one—long, spacious and open to the sky, with tall straight trees towering before it. Below, a stream babbled over rocks, making delightful bathing pools. Around, was the tenderest music of birds. It was a romantic spot, specially designed, as it were, by Nature for the jungle-dweller. The dome of the cave was covered with crude drawings. A broken pot had been put in a niche. There were fragments of filthy rag, a large cooking frame and dry leaves which had long previously been slept upon. The rocky floor was smooth in places where *kurrukkan* had been rubbed to flour with flat worn stones, and cupped where maize had been pounded. The *aratchi* of Paragahakelle had spoken true. A handful of moss, peeping from a crevice, revealed, when disturbed, a couple of fledglings. Our first thought was that they were young swiftlets, left there to die by ruthless nest-hunters; but they flew too strongly for that; and soon, the piteous cries of the parent birds told us that we had inadvertently rifled a fly-catcher's nest.

It was mid-day, and, being very tired, we sat down to a meal; I to camp-pie and chocolate, the others to raw cassava. Our hunger abated, I reminded our guides that my offer of a reward still stood, and that he would get it, who brought me up with even one of those Veddas wherever he might be. Asking us to stay where we were, Meenemaruwa and the half-Vedda of Galmede vanished into the jungle.

The better part of an hour must have elapsed when we heard the latter calling to us excitedly. He said that Meenemaruwa was in hot pursuit of the Veddas who, to judge by their traces, were making away at great speed, evidently scared by the sight of my shoe-prints.

Following at a run, we eventually came upon them—a wild, swarthy group of two men and two boys, freighted with the spoils of the chase; each with his sackful of edible bird's nests, dried sambur meat and *bambara* honey; the leaders with two old muzzle-loaders. May the picture not fade. Suthubanda was there, and the youth Badapissa as our sleuths had told us. But the figure that arrested my fancy most was a wild, fiery-eyed, shaggy-haired fellow of twenty-five—an ebon Apollo. Gama he was called because he was born on a journey (*gamana*). To his waist was attached the inflated bladder of the sambur they had killed. Nor did his looks belie his character, for, even as we came up, he flared into foul-mouthed fury at a tired, inoffensive boy of their company.

They were delighted with the tobacco and betel we shared out to them, and gave us honey in return. Money they refused. When we asked them how it was that they had not been in Dhik-galge as they had said they were, their only answer was a hearty laugh!

It was hail and farewell! for the hour was past noon, and the Veddas had many miles to make before nightfall; so had we. But those shadows of the spangled forest were soon to call me again.

8: Spittal D-8 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX8 Vedda AX8

these Veddas. Bingoda is not all Vedda; essentially it is a Sinhalese chena village of about six or eight families, within a stone's throw of which are the crude huts belonging to the few surviving Veddas. Through a tangle of overgrown scrub we reach them; they are not so numerous that we cannot easily name every single Vedda there.

Three we have met before, Suthubanda, Gama and Badapissa; it was they who led us such a chase at Galmede. In the first hut we find the swarthy Gama and his comely young wife Kalu—his fifth experiment in matrimony: and he barely twenty-five! Not far from this is Suthubanda's abode, in which are his wife, the skinny Thuthi, mother by previous marriage of Gamma; their two little boys, Handuna and Naida and girls Kumi and Punji. Handuna is the quaintest brat imaginable; he is ash-coloured from top to toe, through crouching by the hearth all night to keep warm his naked body; for, all he has for cover is a little strip of loin cloth drooping erratically from a slack waist-string that sags well below his nates; his rotund abdomen accommodates an enormous spleen; with hands crossed over shrugged shoulders to keep the chill awa... he gazes quizzically at you.

Away from these two homes, across the stream, is the only other Vedda hut. Unlike those of Suthubanda and Gama which are of wattle and bast, this is a sadly dilapidated mud structure once occupied by a Moor. It is the most pathetic and curious menage here, and belongs to Kaira brother of Suthubanda. His wife Randunna, a hideous squint-eyed thing, is mother by a previous husband to Heenthuthi the twelve-year old wife of Badapissa (Muthua), Kaira's younger brother! A more ridiculous pair it would be hard to find: the wife a mere child, the husband barely more. The Veddas favour such early marriages, saying that, growing up thus together, the two learn to love each other well. Be that as it may, it does seem a most piteous travesty of human matings. Huddled by the hearth and shivering with ague, is old Thanthi mother of the clan, and wife of the dead chief Neela. And, lastly, we have here the most pathetic figure in all Bingoda—Kummi, a girl of fifteen, dust-besmeared, ulcerated, crippled, and so scantily clad that she is ashamed to stand lest she reveal her nakedness. A misery to herself and others, she sits apart with face shyly lowered, taking timid glances every now and then, like some wild thing, from large black lustrous eyes that might have shone befittingly on the face of some proud beauty.

To these, though they now dwelt apart at Mullegama, we must add Kaurala and his family, for he too was of Bingoda, and is maternal uncle of Suthubanda. By his two wives, Balli and Ranni, he has four little sons, Kaira Vanniya, Heratha, Kalua and Sela; and two daughters, Ranni and Dingi.

These details, though perhaps tedious, serve to bring out vividly the intimate inter-relationships of the Veddas, their apparent disregard of appearance or age in their choice of wives, the promiscuity of life in their one-roomed homes—mother, child and father all lying huddled together in a little space. For all that it must not be assumed that Veddas are devoid of a moral code. A man may have more than one wife, it is true; and, if it pleases him, he may cast her aside like a worn garment; but to each man his own woman while she is his; that is the Vedda law which all respect.

5: Spittel D-5 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX5 Vedda AX5

the other heel. Python fat is used for fractures. *Nagamaru-alla* has a great reputation as an aphrodisiac, less among the Veddas than among the Moors and Tamils. *Bing kohomba* (*munronia pumila*) gathered in the hills, and *kanza* (*cannabis indica*) grown surreptitiously, are always barterable. Besides the lesser poisons used for stupefying fish, there are the deadly *nreagalla-alla* (*gloriosa superba*); *manza-kolle* (*laportea crenulata*); *thea-hadurugedde* (*cerbera odallam*) and *hirinthea*.

There can be little doubt that much of the *cannabis indica* obtainable in Ceylon is grown in the forests by the encouragement of Moors. Traffic in the drug being illegal, the plant is cultivated clandestinely in sequestered jungle clearings or scattered amidst the vegetation of *chenas*. Though the plants fetch a good price, they are hardly worth the trouble and risk involved in tending them; and they say that "money got from *kanza* never stays in the hand." Not only have the plants to be watered for at least three months, but, very often, just as the crop is ready for harvesting, a thief helps himself to it. The commodity is conveyed to the lonely coast or the high road in the dead of night, along unfrequented game trails, in bags containing nests, grain, or dried meat.

A poignant story concerns the discovery of the *nagamaru-alla*, that esteemed aphrodisiac so difficult to find. A Vedda boy and his sister were travelling alone in the forest, when a shower of rain drove them to seek shelter under a tree. As is usual with Veddas when they rest, the boy stuck his arrows into the ground. Then, taking out of his pouch of monkey skin a chew of *demata* bark, he shared it with his sister; and, plucking out an arrow from the ground, placed on its point a little lime and gave it to her. She had scarcely tasted this when she began to manifest unsisterly familiarity. Her brother, incensed and shamed, drew his bow and killed her on the spot. Overcome by sorrow at what he had done, he debated in his mind as to why his sister, so good before, should suddenly have behaved so shamelessly. It occurred to him that the explanation might lie in the spot the arrow had been implanted; digging there he found a yam his arrow had transfixed. Thus was its named derived *nagamaru-alla* or yam that killed a sister; the Tamils call it *thangai kolai* which means the same thing. The marks of the tragedy are said to be evident to this day in the red spots that fleck the flower and leaf. I have seen the plant, a ground orchid, twice, but only the white-flowered variety not the reputedly more potent mottled. The slender stalk, bearing a delicate flower about half the size of a lupin, grows out of two downy ovoid yams.

The proper home of the Vedda is the *galge* or cave; and in these until recent years, the wilder of them exclusively lived. Now they only serve as occasional haunts, and therefore often have other occupants besides Veddas, chiefly bears; for this reason no Vedda approaches an unoccupied cave without warning: "*Cho-ho-ho, cho-ho-ho*," he shouts. "*Kiribala, haria, haria, cho-ho-ho, cho-ho-ho*." A snarl and a rush often greet the words. These rock-shelters are invariably hidden away among trees and boulders, and are extremely difficult to find except by those who know them.

Many of the caves are spacious, open and inviting; others dark and forbidding. Some source of water, such as a stream or spring, is usually at hand. The sloping roofs of the caves often present such crude picture galleries as we saw at Henanagalla, also wasps' nests, and the clustering

5: Spittel D-5 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX5 Vedda AX5

342 eggs of gekkoes very like candle droppings. A few of the caves have drip ledges (evidence of Sinhalese occupation) which serve to keep them dry: those without this feature are all adrip during the rains and their floors are mossy. Rocky out-crops, large loose stones and, perhaps a white-ant hill or two, divide up the floor space into sections in which the various Vedda families lie grouped, each in its allotted span. Here and there the stony floor is cupped where maize has been pounded, or worn [372] smooth where *kurrukkan* has been rubbed to flour with the flat poliahed stones that lie about. A fire-place or two, a cooking frame, and dry leaves (*pana*, *pinney dea*, or *kalanea*), the bedding of these people, complete the picture.

Let us take the more important of the caves as we pass them on our way from Bingoda to Newaragala. Like our houses they are all named.

Matigaha galge is a deep roomy grotto formed by a superincumbent rock mass supported slantwise on large flanking boulders. Partially obstructing its entrance, and just within cover of its roof, is a steep rounded stone which one family would occupy silhouetted against a [312] tree-intersected sky. Its only source of water is the Magalavatan Aar a quarter mile away. This disadvantage, and its nearness to the Bingoda homes, accounts for its present disuse. Suthu Banda was born here. Kaurala who had not seen it since his childhood could not help a word of regret on seeing it now after the long years: "Ah!" he sighed. "Is this the old home. No one to inhabit it now,"

Galihale galge (Rock-slab cave) owes its name to a slab of rock within it, beneath which one must crawl to gain a gloomy inner compartment. A reedy pool below, and the cyfax, cactus and vines about its mouth give it a touch of wild picturesqueness.

Alu galge (Ash cave), which lies at the base of Newaragala, is less a cave than a passage under an immense boulder spanning two lateral outcrops. It is so well concealed by large stones guarding its mouth that one would not suspect its presence even when standing within a few feet of it. The floor slopes up steeply towards a narrowing exit, and is so bestrewn with rocks as to afford no convenient resting place. Yet, in a cranny here or a basin there, the Veddas contrive to make themselves comfortable, as the withered leaves that have served them as mats testify. A small tripodal frame shows where flesh has been [312] roasted. There is no lack of water here; for not only does a perennial spring lie at its entrance, the resort of innumerable bears during the drought, but in the rainy season a rivulet flows right through the cave.

This cave is a favourite of the Veddas who come here when the jak 222 trees, which grow on the slopes of Newaragala, are in fruit. Then, spending [261] a few days, they feast to surfeiting on the tender fruit, and with their characteristic improvidence carry none away. It was here that Kaurala stayed when he "skinned" Nuwaragala—which was his own beautiful way of saying he had stripped it clean of hives. How secret are the ways of Veddas may be judged from the fact that here was a cave frequented by them without its being known to the Sinhalese who lived six miles away. And we who had once spent a night on Newaragala were ignorant that here below us was a cave used by the very Veddas we yearned to know.

261 But of all the caves I have seen *Dhik galge* was the best. I have already described this cave; it remains for me to add a few vital touches. In

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An ape for dinner. (Page 82)

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Alu-gaige, a Vedda cave. (Page 84)

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Veddas of Bulugahadena. (Page 93)

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Veddas of Bulugahadena. (Page 93)

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5: Spinal D-5 (ca. 1920) 1945 AX5 Vedda AX5

interfusion of Vedda blood—the apathetic look, the scanty beard, were unmistakably there. The area we had to traverse was not extensive, hemmed in, as it was, by the Bibile-Maha Oya road on the one hand and Mahaweli on the other. It is five miles from Alutnuwara to Arawatta; six miles from that to the Ulhitiya Oya; thence seven to Beligalla which is within four to six miles of Bulugahadena and Dambana, the Vedda haunts of to-day. The going is through forest comparatively well peopled; and *chenas* are frequently met with; changing from year to year, these often absorb the path and obliterate it, causing deviations which lead astray even guides conversant with the country a few months previously.

We were nearing Bulugahadena when we met our first Vedda of these parts—a tall, picturesque fellow with ear-rings, shouldering his bow stave with a small gourdful of honey slung on its end. Unspoilt, reserved and natural, in contrast to his fellows whom we afterwards met, he was the finest Vedda we saw in Bintenne.

In an environment, not of virgin forest, but of derelict *chenas* we found the Veddas of Bulugahadena. They lived scattered about, a hut or two to each *chena*, and not in groups as one so often sees; the explanation we were given for this was not the obvious one that *chenas* were apparently easier of acquisition here than elsewhere, but that it served to keep the families apart and prevent social entanglements, Veddas being very jealous of their women.

There was no reserve about these people. As we approached each hut, the men, armed with axes, bows and arrows, came out and greeted us vociferously in the Vedda language; Sinhalese they affected not to know. Their women were mostly sullen and silent; but one at least gave us a better reception than her husband did. Here and there a sickly wretch craved for medicine.

Their huts, made of bark slats and wattle, were too well built for Vedda habitations; they had not that crudity and unkemptness so characteristic of the huts of the wilder Veddas, and most of them were finished off with a neat fence-work. There was no lack of *kurrukkan* and maize here; and on the whole they seemed a fairly prosperous and contented community.

The Veddas of Dambana, who lived four miles away, were much the same as those of Bulugahadena; and so were the others we met scattered about these jungles. One lot we found picturesquely grouped in a rock-shelter, reproducing to perfection the old cave life; but they were obviously there for our benefit!

Of these Veddas, considered as a whole, we may say that we had never before seen so many of them as on this short trip of barely a week. On previous journeys, after having traversed miles and miles of jungle, we had met only a Vedda here and a Vedda there, never more than a dozen in all, often but one or two. But in Bintenne we saw no less than about fifty good specimens. Though they were obviously sophisticated by their nearness to Badulla and the many occasions on which their representatives had been on show, Vedda blood is still strong in Bintenne. This is the place to come to if one wishes to pick up the few words that are left of the Vedda language, and the art of making bows and arrows; but apart from that, these people are too civilised to be interesting.

One episode we experienced here is worth recalling. Two Veddas, better disposed towards us than the rest, one with his lip all askew from

18: Kleiweg de Zwaan E-5 (1906-1910) 1925 OB1 Indonesia
Vedda AX5

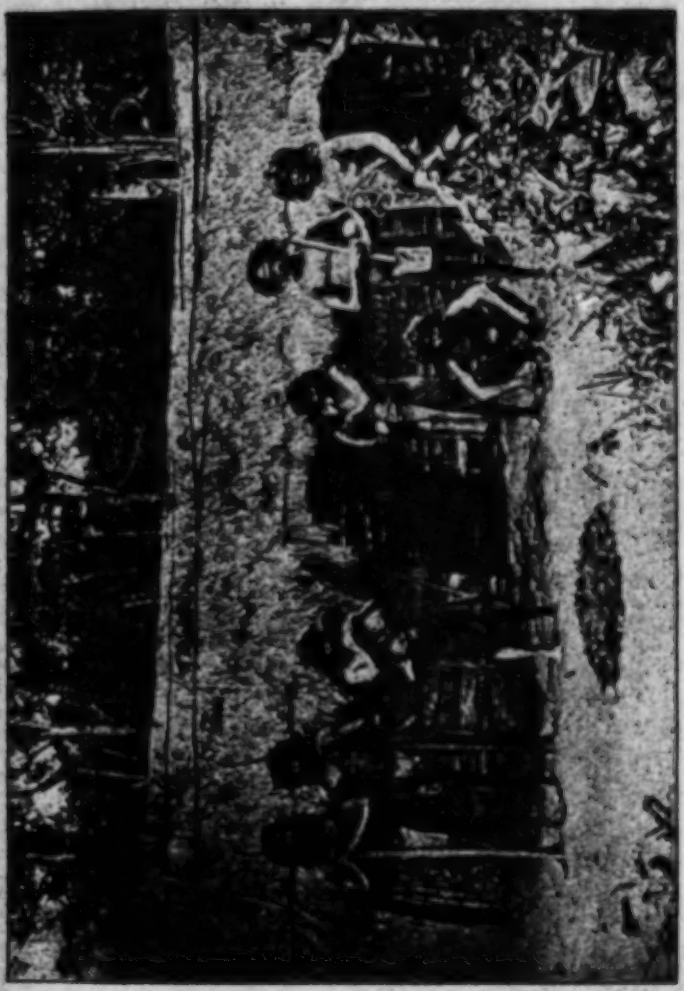

Photo Fr. Sarasin.

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Fig. 17. Veddas of the Bilgala Region